



Camden High School, 2014

The Disappearing with Anna Westbrook

On Friday 7th November, writer and poet Dr. Anna Westbrook joined The Red Room Company to run an intensive poetry writing workshop with students from Camden, Crookwell and Moss Vale High Schools. Using activities inspired by The Disappearing learning resource, Anna helped students explore different poetic possibilities, such as prose poems, group poems, kuli stones and collage poems.

Red Room Poetry Education inspires students and teachers to create, perform and publish poetry.

We enliven experiences with poetry by bringing contemporary poets into classrooms across Australia to run intensive writing workshops that awaken imaginations, support creative opportunities and curriculum outcomes.

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Prose Poem
by Tiarne W.

The night was silent as her thoughts consumed her. Her demons pulling her under and it was all because of him. Her positive thoughts slowly dying, she was useless, ugly, better off dead. She was stupid, boring the demons had said. He disappeared out of sight, but stayed in her mind. She could no longer feel his touch. The thought brought tears to her eyes. Everyday it felt as though he was slipping away, he finally left her all alone, left her rotting in this place. But even though she's broken she doesn't want to be fixed, because he took her heart and broke it in two, but after all it's always been his. So now she stares at the mirror looking at a stranger, she's become a shell of herself, she's considered herself a danger. As her reflection stares back at her, she can't help it but to cry. Because he's all gone. He's not by her side. The demons finally get to her, pulling her deep as she could go. Down to the darkness, deeper and deeper till there's no feeling left. But it's ok, she's alright. She was the angel that was stronger than the rest.

Prose Poem
by Samantha C.

The room was silent. She sat there on the couch that they had once shared. She could feel herself detaching from him. Like he was slowly being pulled away from everything he was or is, she wasn't quite sure. The room to her, smelt like old memories of them together. Cheap cologne still hung in the air around her. She could hear him still, even though he had been gone so long. The side of his bed, left untouched, not a crinkle in sight. Ever so slowly, she was starting to lose hope of seeing him again. Dread hung in the air like a leech. All she could do was wait, for him, for the doorbell to ring. Time felt endless, minutes turned into hours, hours to days, she had had enough when finally the sound of that doorbell she was so desperate to hear. Rushing, she opened to find the sergeant with the look on his face and she knew. He was gone forever, killed in action, he had died a hero.



Poet Bio

Anna Westbrook's debut novel, *The Quiet Noise*, will be published by Scribe in 2015. Anna completed a PhD at the University of New South Wales and lectures in creative writing at New York University Sydney. Her poems have been published in the USA, France, and Australia. She is one of the poets commissioned as part of The Red Room Company's project, *The Disappearing*.

About Us

The Red Room Company creates unusual and useful poetry projects that transform expectations of, and experiences with, poetry. We aspire to make poetry accessible to all, especially those who face the greatest barriers to creative opportunities.

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